Enter Bastard

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Bast. A Bastard sonne of *Priams.*
Therſ: I am a bastard too, I loue bastards. I am bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in minde, bastard in valour, in euery thing illigitimate, one beare wil not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrells most ominous to vs, if the sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement, farewell bastard.
Bast. The diuell take thee coward. *Exit.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so faire without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life;
Now is my daies worke done ile take my breth:
Rest sword thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil: Loke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set,
How ougly night comes breathing at his heeles
Euen with the vaile and darkning of the Sunne,
To close the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes strike, this is the man I seeke,
So Illion fall thou next, come Troy sinke downe,
Here lies thy heart, thy sinnewes and thy bone.
On *Myrmydons*, and cry you all amaine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slaine, *Retreat:*
Harke a retire vpon our Grecian prat.
One: The Troyans trumpet sound the like my Lord,
Achil: The dragon wing of night orespreds the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My halfe supt sword that frankly would haue fedde,
Pleas'd with this dainty baite: thus goes to bed:
Come tie his body to my horses taile,
Along the field I will the Troyan traile. *Exeunt:*

Enter Agam: Aiax, Mene: Nestor, Dioms: and the rest marching.

Aga. Hark, harke, what is this?

Nest:

Nest. Peace drums.
Sould: within. Achilles, Achilles, Hectors slaine *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is *Hectors* slaine and by *Achilles.*
Aiax. If it be so yet bragless let it bee,
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along: let one bee sent,
To pray *Achilles* see vs at our tent:
If in his death the Gods haue vs befriended.
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended. *Exeu*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor; Diephobus.

Æne. Stand ho? yet are we masters of the field,

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Neuer goe home, here starue we out the night,
Hector is slaine.
All. Hector! the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead and at the murtherers horses taile,
In beastly sort dragd through the shamefull field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speed,
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once, let your breefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.
Æne. My Lord you doe discomfort all the host.
Troy. You vnderstand me not that tell me so,
I do not speake of flight, of feare of death
But dare all immynence that gods and men
Addresse their daungers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a scrich-ould aye be call'd,
Goe into Troy and say their *Hectors* dead,
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone,
Make wells and *Niobe's* of the maides and wiues:
Could statues of the youth and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it selfe, there is no more to say,
Stay yet you proud abhominable tents:
Thus proudly pitcht vpon our Phrigian plaines,
Let *Tytan* rise as earely as he dare,
Ile through, and through you, and thou great siz'd cow
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates: